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[By D. T. Fleming, Paia, Maui.]

"Duff would be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."—Wordsworth.

Among the magnificent works of nature, so generously distributed among the various islands which comprise the Territory of Hawaii, and which make them an ideal spot for the tourist to visit, without doubt the crater of Haleakala on the island of Maui is the grandest, excepting possibly the volcano of Kilauea, when Madam Pele wakes up from one of her protracted naps. Many tourists, and even residents of the neighboring islands, after making a trip to Kilauea say: "I have seen an active volcano. Extinct craters would now have no charm for me." In this they are greatly mistaken, for there is little or no resemblance between the two craters, Haleakala and Kilauea.

Imagine yourself standing at an altitude of 10,000 feet, on the top of Haleakala, with the vast crater, 3,000 feet deep and twenty miles in circumference, stretched at your feet. Dotted over the floor of the crater, which from the top seems quite smooth, rise numerous cones, which in themselves are miniatures of the great crater. There is the little lava cone from which has flowed in ages past a furious stream of molten lava; and the immense cinder cone, six or eight hundred feet high and a mile or more in circumference, which has evidently burned the matter of which it was originally composed, until it is now but a mound of bright red and yellow scoria. And starting at the base of some of these cones can be seen the long, black lava flows which have rushed down the bottom of the crater and are yet as fresh as if the fires had died but yesterday. And far away to the southeast, over the banks of white clouds that cover the greater part of Hawaii, rise the three grand peaks of that island, Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Hualalai; and from the second of these, occasionally a thin line of smoke ascending proves to the onlooker that Pele has not left her old home.

At the east end of the crater the white masses of cloud roll along, ever seeking to enter the crater through the Kaupo Gap, yet ever driven back from the abode of the great Pele by the cold mountain winds; on the north also is a similar gap, wilder and more rugged, if possible, than the Kaupo gap. Through these two gaps, the Koolau and Kaupo, when the crater yet active, the great streams of molten lava escaped and ran with terrific violence to the sea.

To the west, the clouds lying along the mountain side at an elevation of seven or eight thousand feet look like a sea,—a solid white mass on which the onlooker would think it almost possible to tread, so solid does it appear; or, when the weather is more favorable and this belt of clouds does not interfere, far below on the plains the green patches of cane and the white plantation camps show that civilization is yet visible.

And at evening, when the sun sinks to rest, tinting the great masses of clouds from a delicate pink to a gorgeous pink and yellow, lighting the great crater to a ruddy glow, and the cold wind comes sighing up through the vast gorges, and whistling on the rocky crags, the grandeur of the scene fills the onlooker with awe, so that he must exclaim: "How marvelous are Thy works!"

The trip to the crater and return is a very easy one. From Kahului, Maui's leading sea port, a railroad runs to Paia, a distance of eight miles; and from Paia, which is without doubt the best starting point, the entire distance to the top is but twenty miles, and of that eight or ten miles can be covered in a hack, if the prospective sight-seer dreads the length of the ride. After the tourist has reached Makawao, where the good driving road is discontinued, he mounts a good sturdy mountain horse, and from then the cry need be nothing but "Excelsior." The grade is heavy, but the country is open and easy climbing for the horses. Up, up, up—past Olinda, the beautiful summer home of Mr. H. P. Baldwin, up through brush and over rough rocky land, where the trail can hardly be seen, but trusting to the guide, up, up, up.

If the traveler has left Paia in the morning, noon will find him at an altitude of five or six thousand feet, where water in plenty may be had for lunch and for the horses; and three or four o'clock will find him at Little Cave, the best place near the top to spend the night. Several years ago a house was built on the summit, but it has since been almost demolished by the storms which rage during the winter months, and no one now thinks of spending a night there. Little Cave conveniently holds a party of six or eight, and a jolly place it is, with a natural chimney in one corner and nothing to do but to gather the wood. This pleasant part of the trip is left for guide to attend to, and the tourist goes up to the summit, a quarter of a mile or so distant, to see the sunset.

No writer need begin to describe the grandeur of the scene; nothing but positive realization can convey the least idea. Or, if the weather be slightly foggy, often the visitor is treated to a sight of the beautiful Spectre of Brocken, the complete circle of a rainbow, with the shadow of the onlooker in the center.

When once the sun disappears the tired traveler feels the chilly winds as they whistle along the ridges, and he hastily gets back to the comforts of—not home, but Little Cave, where a good supper has already been prepared.

A good warm meal, and then to rest—scarcely rest either, as most parties find it, for sleep is a rare thing at that altitude, about 9,000 feet. This is indeed the ideal place to tell stories and spin all sorts of yarns, as the fire in the corner crackles merrily, filling the whole cave with its warmth.

About 4 a. m. the eastern sky begins to tint to a delicate yellow and pink and the sightseer must roll out and start for the summit once more. Provided the clouds be about their usual levels, the sunrise indeed rivals sunset in its grandeur; and even the great masses of cumulus lying along the sides of the mountains of Hawaii, Molokai, Lanai and Kahoolawe are tinted most beautifully.

The excitement of the sunrise over, the attention is naturally turned toward a more personal matter—that of breakfast; and a good warm meal goes very well indeed. And next in order is a tramp to some interesting places. If the traveler wants to try his climbing powers, as well as the leather in his shoes, he may descend the walls into the crater and, crossing one or two of the flows, climb one of the large cones. Or, farther still, he may go down along the floor of the crater to Kamehameha's camp, a spot famous as being the camping place of the greatest of all Hawaii's chieftains, on his victorious march across the crater to the northern side of the island, after having put the Hana district under subjection. To shield his army from the bitterly cold nightwinds, he built semicircular walls of stones which remain to this day. Poor shelters indeed they must have been, but under the circumstances better than nothing.

Or the traveler may wander along the ridge of the crater towards the highest part of the mountain, picking up an occasional silver-sword, that most beautiful of all high altitude plants, till he reaches Paa Kaoao, or Fortified Hill, as it is sometimes called. On this hill stood a small fort held by one of Maui's chiefs, who was slain bravely defending the rude structure against the invincible Kamehameha. Evidences of the struggles are yet to be found there—the ancient "maa," or slingstone, that formed so leading a part of the ancient Hawaiians' weapons of war. Also, the grave of the brave Maui leader is yet intact, marked by an oval pile of stones. Close to this hill are the "black diamonds;" these are small black crystals that may be found in great quantities, provided the searcher knows exactly where to look for them.

If the traveler gets back to the cave by noon, a return to Paia can easily be made before dark, allowing for frequent rests on the way.

It is really remarkable how few of the thousands of tourists visiting Hawaii avail themselves of seeing the greatest crater in the world, either extinct or active. There seems to be a mistaken idea that the trip is a hard one and an expensive one. Far from it. It is an easy trip, one that can be made with comfort, and one that is inexpensive. But even if the trip were as hard and expensive as many people imagine it to be, no one who had ever made the trip could grudge the effort or expense. The most probable explanation of the apparent lack of appreciation lies in the fact that the sight of this greatest of Nature's miracles is free to all.—Hilo Side Lights.

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Entrance of the Honolulu, all the suits of all parties, suit and each have the land of are right, both Kona, on delivery of said by L. C. a known, Kamama, Acres set off and mauka of road in said es to be sold as, to wit: corner of the Hunting as fol- 22118 feet along ist to Puu Lae- ce 1 foot along Ke- rner of Kauna- 18850 feet to the 4; 1716 feet; 6180 feet; 7550 feet, to the aning an area of

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